

IF IT HAPPENS IT'S HERE.

THE HERALD'S SPORTING PAGES

IF IT'S HERE IT'S RIGHT.

SILVER ON PUGILISM
REVERIES OF A REFEREE

BY GEORGE SILVER.

Followers of bush fights in the middle west undoubtedly remember Henry Baker, he with the awful swinging right hand knockout wallop and the wheezing case of asthma. Now, Henry, although a hard and willing fighter, could go some despite his wheezing, never aspired for championship honors, generally being content with a now and then scrap, to net him the wherewithal to keep his system roughly saturated for several weeks at least, with the stuff that made Milwaukee famous.

It must not be presumed that because of his ambition to be the champion schooler hoister that he did not have an exalted opinion of his fistful prowess, as he really thought, when standing behind and with easy reach, that he could hold his own with the best of them. He went his thoughts several points better, when thoroughly looked by his friends, that he could beat any man that ever pulled off a shirt, and it must be said for him that he tried to make good his boasts whenever it became necessary to assert his muscles from his penitents who he barred no man. With him it was a case of first come first served, provided the monetary interest was not involved. Henry bumped his way through pugilism for several years, receiving nothing but hard knocks, little money, but plenty of beer. The latter was dished out to him by his friends whenever he had a match on, and he invariably managed to get enough of the "long green" out of a fight to keep himself saturated for a week or two.

One day in the fall in the early '90s Henry was all in, or rather all out, when Dick Moore, a real prize fighter with aspirations for middle-weight championship honors, happened along, and as the price of a slave looked as big to him as it did to Baker, he quickly looked up to Henry for a subscribed purse, and without dickerings as to the division of it.

The mill was arranged to take place within two weeks after signing articles, and on the date selected they met in the open to have it out with two-ounce gloves. Betting on the result was even more keen than on a prize fighter with aspirations for middle-weight championship honors, and the bulk of the coin was placed on Dick, because of his known abilities as a fighter and because the spectators did not care to chance their money on Baker's wheezing.

Dick worked like a master mechanic in the first two rounds, but in the third the rough condition of the ground interfered with his side stepping, with the result Henry hung on to his makers on his jaw which put him down for the count of nine. Moore arose with his steps directed towards "Queer" street and staggered out of reach of a wallop which, had it landed, would have ended the fight. It looked bad for Richard about this time, and thinking discretion the better part of valor, he turned tail and tried to get out from under the ropes and out of the ring. Fortunately for his backers, and for himself, as was later proved, he tried to run out near his corner, and his adherents, disgusted at his show of cowardice, blocked his way, which compelled him to fight or quit cold. Facing Baker, he seemed sponser for a few more punches, but he was called for before he could be counted out. The minute's rest did him a world of good, as he seemed into Henry's attack, and he showed remarkable cleverness, and won out in the eighth round.

The loser's end of the purse hardly paid for Baker's training, so after borrowing enough of the "root of all evil" to keep him loaded for a week, he sent his manager, or rather the man that took half of his earnings, to seek a return match with Moore. The latter naturally jumped at the chance of giving Henry another trimming, and immediately signed articles for a two-round fight to take place in private in the stockyards district. The ring, erected on a platform, was just to Moore's liking, and he took the opportunity to show his cleverness, and he was in the pink of condition, while Henry was fat enough to kill.

The lost no time in getting to work, and before the end of the first round it was apparent to the crowd that Dick was Henry's master, and barring an accident, would surely win. They had tied away for two rounds, with Moore doing much the better work. In the tenth session Baker telephoned one of his long swings, which just grazed Dick's jaw. The blow did not land, but

from mine. I'm there with it this season. Say, Mose, it's tough about them banks, isn't it?"

"How's that?"

"Why those guineas down there don't know they're alive. You can't swing on them for your own dough after 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Here I am, a son of a b— of my own, and I can't get the cashier to loosen unless I get a jimmy. Just let me take four bits till tomorrow morning."

"Say, old man, but I never carry any money in the daytime."

Among the racehorse followers who have shaken the west and taken up their residence in New York is Archie Zimmer. Zimmer was a character from childhood, and he never has lived down his past. He came naturally by all the tricks of the racing trade, but in his entire picturesque career there cannot be located a spot where he made a mistake. He can get anything that anybody has, but he does not need it now. He has arrived at the goal of the horseman's ambition, which means that he has got his and has it properly protected.

Zimmer swarmed on the racing game about a dozen years ago with a dope and a few dollars. Zimmer, Simrock was worth a badge, but that let him out. A badge was all that Archie needed in those days, but Simrock had a hankering for food, and his owner found it necessary to provide him with it in order that he might put up a respectable appearance. When Zimmer was at New Orleans seven years ago the room clerk at the fair grounds couldn't place him. All the stalls were filled with more of the black thoroughbred horses, and Zimmer was put to it severely to find lodgings for his meal ticket. He rose to the occasion, however, and the clerk of the fair grounds, the spavined steed to lead him into the first stall he found vacant. After one good night's rest Simrock was told to move out. He was shifted into another vacant stall, only to be served with another bit of restitution.

"See here," said Zimmer to the barn boss, "I guess you don't know who this horse belongs to."

"He's yours, isn't he?" asked the faithful bird-dog.

"Mine? No, on your life! This horse belongs to President Bush, and he'll be a pretty sore man if he finds out he's been tossing around from one place to another."

"Well, if that's the case," said the attendant, "we'll have to take care of him. Just have your man lead him over to the mule barn. I reckon he'll be well taken care of over there."

Simrock beat one red-eyed mule out of three meals a day for three weeks, but he was spoiled for racing purposes. According to Zimmer, all the fair folk of his fall, his ears grew a foot and a half long, and he developed a "Wagnerian" note that greatly disturbed the other quadrupeds in the neighborhood.

There was a word in the book that seemed to be Simrock's. It was a word for horses that had lived under false pretenses since early childhood, and the trainer, who set about securing him for him. He told the exercise boy to canter him around the track for a lap or two and then throw six fast furlongs into him in about 130. Simrock broke from the three-eighths pole, but down about the furlong he came up to the mule team, was pulling and came to a dead wall. He fell in beside the long-eared pal whose feed he had been eating and could not be persuaded to leave him.

After that Zimmer gave him up for a tomfool degenerate.

Tom McFall has arrived in New Orleans for the winter season. He came from Memphis. The word "clean" in this case is used advisedly. It also has something to do with the context. Things have not been coming prosperously for Tom in late years, but he has a few good friends who wish him well, and who would go a little farther than that for him. One of these friends is a Chicago alderman, who likes his companionship. This Chicago alderman visited Memphis last summer to attend the race meeting there. He had one horse which won one race in three years and then was disqualified. The horse's name was J. Goldstein. The alderman, who was a little better than the star who is a word for two weeks and then sits on the bench for a week or two. The man who plays 154 games a year, works hard and does his best in every game is worth a lot more than the star who plays about 120 games and sets the crowd wild with his wonderful catches. Baseball, in that respect, is just like every other business. The man who is ready for duty every year is worth two erratic geniuses who don't show up ready for work every day.

Give me, or any other sensible club owner, men who are loyal and willing workers and I can beat any team of stars that ever was organized. It is the hard, willing, earnest, faithful workers that win ball just as the same kind of workers win at any trade or profession.

The manager's chief aim, after he has selected his team, is to perfect his pitching staff. The rest of it they have the right sort of stuff in them, will deliver all they have in them.

It is up to the manager to select the men who are in the best shape each day to do the pitching. In modern baseball the pitcher is about 60 per cent of any game, perhaps more, and the real test of judgment of a manager is in his judgment in selecting his pitchers each day.

To my mind that is one of the objections to having a manager for a team. The manager ought to watch with extreme care the work of each pitcher in warming up before a game, and, sometimes, the field manager does not know how to do this.

The ideal way to put pitchers is to select the best three from the staff and work them in rotation, but that is only theory. Before the actual battle of the year begins, a manager should look over his players carefully. He may start on the training season with twenty-five to thirty men at his command, and from them he must choose the team that will win. He first must decide as to the relative merits of the candidates for positions and he should discard the ineligible players just as soon as possible. The moment a player shows a palpable weakness or reveals anything that disqualifies him, he should be set free, and the other candidates should be looked over. In most cases this has the result of putting new life and vigor into the man who is chosen for the position. If it does not, then he is the wrong man. There have been cases in which the man who was judged to be the best has immediately become af-

fect with the swelled head and failed to make good—but those are rare.

The team should be chosen definitely and finally during the training season and, thereafter, it should not be changed except in emergencies and in cases of injury. The man who knows his own team and who knows the manager is with him, will average better than the star who is a word for two weeks and then sits on the bench for a week or two. The man who plays 154 games a year, works hard and does his best in every game is worth a lot more than the star who plays about 120 games and sets the crowd wild with his wonderful catches. Baseball, in that respect, is just like every other business. The man who is ready for duty every year is worth two erratic geniuses who don't show up ready for work every day.

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NOW FOR THE COLD WEATHER SPORTS.

CURLING

BOWLING

CHESS

SKATING

WINTER RACING

STORIES FROM THE GRIDIRON

BY FRED LOWENTHAL.

A purse of \$2000 now is a thing of the past. For five years Newtown and Rob Roy have fought it out as hard as muscle and nerve would allow, and up to this year neither side ever had registered a point.

Scoring uprooted all the relations between the two. It was this year, the last used in all the former contests between the teams. The strings of it no longer retained their pristine beauty, and during a fierce rush by Mike Smith of the Newtown team the strings broke and the team of the half-purified, Thurston of Rob Roy tried to steal the ball in the midway. He tugged and tugged, and finally got the leather cover. Meanwhile Mike Smith, still holding the bladder tightly clutched in his right arm, continued to carry on, and Rob Roy, who crossed the line just as Thurston crossed the Newtown goal line with the leather cover. In the argument that followed each team claimed that it was the one that scored, and that the other did not. Each had equally strong arguments to support its side. Each one claimed the championship of the county, and as yet the purse still is in the hands of the stake holder.

Feeling is so bitter that it has been decided never to match the two teams again. Therefore the players on the Rob Roy team will play with Vederburg next year, and those of Newtown with Hillsboro, and Vederburg and Hillsboro will meet for the championship of Fountain county and a purse of \$200 next fall.

FISHED WITH FLIES IN THE YEAR 300

Ren Mulford, the Cincinnati sporting writer, has discovered that the ancient Macedonians originated the art of fly fishing, and using artificial flies, caught speckled trout. Mulford denies that he saw the ancient fish in that way, but declared he made the discovery in the writings of Aelian, a Greek writer of the third century A. D.

Mulford also denies that he worked in the sporting department with Aelian, but quotes his as follows:

"Between Borea and Thesalonica there flows a river, Astraeus by name, and there are in it fish which swim under a cloud of flies. These fish live upon the native flies which fall into the river, and are like no other fish; one would neither call them trout nor salmon, nor would one rely to a question that this creature is formed like what we call the bumble bee, nor yet like the honey bee themselves. In industry it is like a fly, in size it might be called a bumble bee, in color it rivals the wasp, and it buzzes like the honey bee. All common creatures of this sort are called horse tails."

"These pitch upon the stream to seek the food they affect, but cannot help being seen by the fish which swim underneath. So whenever one of them sees the fly floating he comes softly swimming under the water, afraid of disturbing the surface and so carrying away his game. Then he comes near the shady side of the fly, gaps and sucks him in."

"The fishermen understand these maneuvers, but they do not make any use of these flies for a bait for the fish, for if the human hand lays hold of them they lose their natural color, their wings fray, and they become unattractive to the fish. So with cunning craft they outfit the fish, devising a sort of lure against them. They lay a lock of reddish wool round the hook, and to the wool they attach a sort of fly, which is under the wattle and are brought to the proper color with wax. The rod is from six to ten feet long and the horse tail is fastened to the end of it. They lower the lure. The fish is attracted by the color, excited, draws close, and, judging from its beautiful appearance, it will catch a marvelous banquet, for it opens its mouth, but is caught by the hook."

Fond of Strenuous Recreation.

(Pittsburg Gazette.)

President Roosevelt is reported to be putting in his "leisure time" translating Gaelic poems. And yet some of us think we're busy.

The Rest of the Family Standing Pat.

(Milwaukee Sentinel.)

Still, President McCardie showed a certain sense of action by marking him self down to half price.

Ladies Are Not Included.

(Chicago Record-Herald.)

"Pretty Green" insists that Dr. Oeder's theory is like the Bible's reference to angels in heaven.

IF ALL YOU WHO ARE IN NEED OF A SPECIALIST WILL CALL ON ME FIRST, YOU WILL NOT HAVE SO MANY DOCTOR BILLS TO PAY.

DR. C. W. HIGGINS,

The oldest and most reliable specialist on chronic and private diseases. Thirty-two years in Salt Lake City. Microscopic and Analytic Physician.

CURES: Piles, Nervous Weakness, Neuritis, Varicose Veins, Spine, Leprosy or Fits can be permanently cured.

Cor. Main and Third South Sts., St. Elmo Hotel.

TALES OF THE TRACK

BY HUGH E. KEOUGH.

One who looks at from a safe distance and has other invisible means of support will, in his studious moments, note a general closing up of the ranks of the racing army a general concentration of effort towards a single spot. The birds are not as numerous as they used to be, and the thinner the herd the keener the sport. The simple-minded creature that follows the races never will awake to the realization of the limitations of his possibilities and his opportunities. The eternal spring of hope within his breast shall always remain a gusher.

His conceit verges upon, if it does not quite reach, the sublime. If in prospect \$2 appear where \$200 appeared before, he assumes that those \$2 rightfully belong to him and that he eventually will fetch up with them. He keeps the amelioration of his own troubles always in sight. The troubles of his fellow hustlers he takes philosophically, and always is there with the sympathetic eye. He is profuse with his patronage, but resents being patronized.

The intuitive search is a mental habit with the pious chaser who has nothing to leave and less to take away. Perhaps that needs some explanation. A case of being broke in a cockroach at the first glance and one broken guy never unbosomed himself to another in the same fix. What's the use? In the vernacular, "it don't get you nothing." Either may whine to the man he has intuitively searched and found in a season of the woods. If he is turned down by the affluent friend of former days his philosophy teaches him to say: "Well, I may never get up to where he is, but he'll come back to me."

Two children of chance hailing from various points converged at St. Charles and Canal in New Orleans one day last week. One had a founce on his mackintosh and the other had Battenberg lace on the lower end of his trousers. The latter just extricated himself from his hay mow on the rear end of a horse

train from Washington, and the other had dropped off a freight train from Nashville after positively declining an introduction to the conductor.

"Why, hello, Mose," said the Washington tourist. "I'm glad to see you. Where have you been all summer?"

"Oh, I thought I'd stick out west. I looked pretty soft for me, and I didn't fancy that eastern game."

"What kind of a season did you have?"

"Great—got hold of a chunk. And you?"

"Lay up much?"

"Lay up much? Just bought myself one of them cottages at Sheepshead and sunk a bunch in one of them banks where they can't tear me away from it. I'm sorry you wasn't with me. I'd show you some speed."

"Well, I did pretty well where I was."

"Yes, but Broadway, pal. Broadway."

"You street laid bad when they're 'vamin' your way."

"Pretty dirty yourself, eh?"

"Got a few. Where are you going to do this year?"

"String along with the old bunch, I reckon."

"Where are you stopping?"

"Well, just at present at the big tavern, of course, but I'm not sure. I am just three in there myself, but you see, there's a party of us, and none of us can stand for the cafe. The only first-class thing about it is the price. You've got to slip the waiter a dollar before he looks at you. Still, I wouldn't mind that if the rest was up to where I am looking for a furnished house somewhere, and I intend to send for the missus about Christmas."

"Did you bring the folks along?"

"No. She had to have some dresses made, and had to stay behind for a fitting."

"How do things look to you?"

"All right. They can't drag me away

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"Lay up much? Just bought myself one of them cottages at Sheepshead and sunk a bunch in one of them banks where they can't tear me away from it. I'm sorry you wasn't with me. I'd show you some speed."

"Well, I did pretty well where I was."

"Yes, but Broadway, pal. Broadway."

"You street laid bad when they're 'vamin' your way."

"Pretty dirty yourself, eh?"

"Got a few. Where are you going to do this year?"

"String along with the old bunch, I reckon."

"Where are you stopping?"

"Well, just at present at the big tavern, of course, but I'm not sure. I am just three in there myself, but you see, there's a party of us, and none of us can stand for the cafe. The only first-class thing about it is the price. You've got to slip the waiter a dollar before he looks at you. Still, I wouldn't mind that if the rest was up to where I am looking for a furnished house somewhere, and I intend to send for the missus about Christmas."

"Did you bring the folks along?"

"No. She had to have some dresses made, and had to stay behind for a fitting."

"How do things look to you?"

"All right. They can't drag me away

NOW FOR THE COLD WEATHER SPORTS.

CURLING

BOWLING

CHESS

SKATING

WINTER RACING

STORIES FROM THE GRIDIRON

BY FRED LOWENTHAL.

A purse of \$2000 now is a thing of the past. For five years Newtown and Rob Roy have fought it out as hard as muscle and nerve would allow, and up to this year neither side ever had registered a point.

Scoring uprooted all the relations between the two. It was this year, the last used in all the former contests between the teams. The strings of it no longer retained their pristine beauty, and during a fierce rush by Mike Smith of the Newtown team the strings broke and the team of the half-purified, Thurston of Rob Roy tried to steal the ball in the midway. He tugged and tugged, and finally got the leather cover. Meanwhile Mike Smith, still holding the bladder tightly clutched in his right arm, continued to carry on, and Rob Roy, who crossed the line just as Thurston crossed the Newtown goal line with the leather cover. In the argument that followed each team claimed that it was the one that scored, and that the other did not. Each had equally strong arguments to support its side. Each one claimed the championship of the county, and as yet the purse still is in the hands of the stake holder.

Feeling is so bitter that it has been decided never to match the two teams again. Therefore the players on the Rob Roy team will play with Vederburg next year, and those of Newtown with Hillsboro, and Vederburg and Hillsboro will meet for the championship of Fountain county and a purse of \$200 next fall.

FISHED WITH FLIES IN THE YEAR 300

Ren Mulford, the Cincinnati sporting writer, has discovered that the ancient Macedonians originated the art of fly fishing, and using artificial flies, caught speckled trout. Mulford denies that he saw the ancient fish in that way, but declared he made the discovery in the writings of Aelian, a Greek writer of the third century A. D.

Mulford also denies that he worked in the sporting department with Aelian, but quotes his as follows:

"Between Borea and Thesalonica there flows a river, Astraeus by name, and there are in it fish which swim under a cloud of flies. These fish live upon the native flies which fall into the river, and are like no other fish; one would neither call them trout nor salmon, nor would one rely to a question that this creature is formed like what we call the bumble bee, nor yet like the honey bee themselves. In industry it is like a fly, in size it might be called a bumble bee, in color it rivals the wasp, and it buzzes like the honey bee. All common creatures of this sort are called horse tails."

"These pitch upon the stream to seek the food they affect, but cannot help being seen by the fish which swim underneath. So whenever one of them sees the fly floating he comes softly swimming under the water, afraid of disturbing the surface and so carrying away his game. Then he comes near the shady side of the fly, gaps and sucks him in."

"The fishermen understand these maneuvers, but they do not make any use of these flies for a bait for the fish, for if the human hand lays hold of them they lose their natural color, their wings fray, and they become unattractive to the fish. So with cunning craft they outfit the fish, devising a sort of lure against them. They lay a lock of reddish wool round the hook, and to the wool they attach a sort of fly, which is under the wattle and are brought to the proper color with wax. The rod is from six to ten feet long and the horse tail is fastened to the end of it. They lower the lure. The fish is attracted by the color, excited, draws close, and, judging from its beautiful appearance, it will catch a marvelous banquet, for it opens its mouth, but is caught by the hook."

Fond of Strenuous Recreation.

(Pittsburg Gazette.)

President Roosevelt is reported to be putting in his "leisure time" translating Gaelic poems. And yet some of us think we're busy.

The Rest of the Family Standing Pat.

(Milwaukee Sentinel.)

Still, President McCardie showed a certain sense of action by marking him self down to half price.

Ladies Are Not Included.

(Chicago Record-Herald.)

"Pretty Green" insists that Dr. Oeder's theory is like the Bible's reference to angels in heaven.

IF ALL YOU WHO ARE IN NEED OF A SPECIALIST WILL CALL ON ME FIRST, YOU WILL NOT HAVE SO MANY DOCTOR BILLS TO PAY.

DR. C. W. HIGGINS,

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Cor. Main and Third South Sts., St. Elmo Hotel.

QUEER FADS of BALL PLAYERS

BY HUGH S. FULLERTON.